

# The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor  
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

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## TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,  
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

## Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at Headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-ninth cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Musard-plaster for the blood holls of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

## STATEMENT.

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(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 5th day of April, 1917.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.

My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

## PARAGRAPHS.

Brute force always ends by blowing its own head off.

The pot that boils over puts out the fire. The war-pot is now boiling over and we hear an awful sputtering in the fire that made it boil. It dies hard, but it dies.

How would you like to see the Garden of Eden restored and extended over all the earth? Well, that is exactly what is going to happen pretty soon. Yes, sir.

Great armies and navies have been built up to defend and preserve the lives of nations. But they have gotten beyond the control of their makers and will now destroy the very things they were meant to protect.

We hear a great deal of big talk these days about what the different governments are going to do "after the war." Poor blind things! So far as most of them are concerned, there will not be any "after the war."

The Turk has always been in league with the devil and fighting against everything good. Germany is fighting with the Turk, therefore Germany is on the wrong side and must go down. Woe unto any power that takes sides with Turkey in this struggle.

## NO WINGS ON ME.

There! I jist knowed some of you wild-and-wooly folks would bust out in a big laugh and say Pearson has got to be a "saint" all at once and gone to "preaching."

But you've got the wrong sow by the ear again, and so you have. I ain't nary bit better than I have been all the time, and I ain't had any "visions" nor "revelations" like the religious fanatics sometimes claim to have. Lots of people don't have any confidence in the visions and revelations that these fanatics have, and I confess that I am sorter skittish about them myself. They sometimes over-do the thing so far that it makes the whole business smell sorter fishy, and I don't wonder that people shy from it.

But the charge of being a "religious fanatic" can't be brought against me. I am just an ordinary "man of the world," and I have often been warned by the orthodox people that I was headed straight for hell on high gear.

So you see it ain't "wings" nor any sort of personal "goodness" that has caused me to utter all these remarks about the present world-upheaval. No sir! It is because these things have come so plain that even a worldly man like myself cannot fail to see them. So if you don't have any confidence in the religious fanatics when they sound forth their warnings of impending doom, maybe you will listen to an ordinary sinful cuss like me. Surely I could have no reason for saying these things except that they are true.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

Now, dear readers and friends, this is a personal letter to you. I want you to regard it as just as personal and just as important as if I had written it direct on my typewriter and mailed it to you in a sealed envelope under a two-cent stamp.

What do you think of the line of talk I am giving you this time? If you believe my New Message contains something that the people ought to read and think about, then I want you to appoint yourself as a missionary to help spread it among your friends. Tote this issue around in your pocket and read it to people you meet and ask them what they think about it. You will find more people thinking along these lines than you might suppose. And if you happen to strike a few who have not yet begun to think on these things, this paper will wake them up and put them to thinking.

The whole human race today is aware of the fact that this old earth is passing through a great crisis, and that SOMETHING of far-reaching consequences to the people must be the result. The human mind is in a questioning attitude, wondering if this really is the end, and the old cut-and-dried conceptions of what is going to happen in the wind-up are being changed rapidly.

Hence the time is ripe for this New Message, and I want you to help me spread it into every nook and corner of this broad land. It is going to take a great deal of money to run this thing under present conditions. Print paper costs about twice what it formerly did, and some kind of war tax (in the form of postage or otherwise) is going to fall heavily on all publishers. And besides that, I am constantly needing to add new machinery and office equipment to handle the business. You folks hustle up the clubs and I'll furnish the chin-music till everything goes easy.

## Shall I Change Its Name?

The Fool-Killer has actually been "born again." It has been changed and regenerated in everything but its name. It has been lifted out of the cheap fun-and-foolishness class and has become a paper with a solemn purpose—a voice of warning and counsel and comfort to a stricken world.

Therefore the rough-sounding name that this paper has borne through all these years now strikes me as being somewhat out of harmony with the paper's present style and purpose. If it is the wish of a majority of my readers I will consider changing the name to something more appropriate. I have thought of "Good News" as a more fitting name. What do you say? Let me have a suggestion from every one of my 40,000 readers.

Not to kill the fool, but to kill out his foolishness and make him wise—that is the object of this paper. "The wise shall understand."

## HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

If you think this dope I am giving you is something new that I have just gotten hold of and thought it would do for a sensation, you are badly mistaken.

It may be sensational to some folks, but it isn't new at all. It is as old as the Bible, and the fact that you didn't know it was in there ain't my fault.

Millions of people have believed these things for a long time, and millions more are beginning to believe them these days. It is no new revelation to me, but has been gradually unfolding before my eyes for several years. I have been just on the verge of launching this campaign two or three times before, but decided the time was not quite ripe for it.

Especially since the Great War started I have been convinced that we were in the closing scenes of this age, and I have not felt satisfied to go on being a mere clown to make people laugh. My "mouth has watered" more than once to say the things that I am now saying, and at last they are said. That is, some of them are said. There is plenty more to say. This is a mighty big subject, and as the hurrying stream of events rushes on it will get bigger. I can only just touch the high places in this first issue. In future issues there will be room to treat the different phases of the question more at length.

Now, Mister, if you believe it or don't believe it, I want the privilege of talking to your head about a quarter's worth, anyhow. By that time you will either decide that I am a fool or that you are one, and maybe both of us will learn something.

Now come! Get up a big club and send it in. And if you think that way about it you can tell all your friends that Pearson has suddenly gone crazy and they just ought to watch his capers.

## STANDS FOR SOMETHING.

One more time in its life this paper stands for something. It has quit drifting around, and is now driving straight ahead toward a definite goal. It is not hunting for popularity, but seeking to deliver a Message.

The Fool-Killer scattered smiles and helped the world to have a good time as long as that was possible. And then it just drifted for awhile. For the past two years it has merely been "marking time," and doing a mighty poor job of that.

But now, after carefully surveying the whole terrible situation, it has rolled up its sleeves and gone to work again. From now on it aims to be a voice of warning and counsel and comfort to a stricken world.

And now is the time for you to also roll up YOUR sleeves and help The Fool-Killer get its New Message before the people.